

of the "White Doe of Rylstone" which Yorkshire boys & girls might learn ^{by heart} with great advantage, not only because it contains a wonderful word-picture of this part of ~~Yorkshire~~ Wharfedale, & because the story is that of an important event in the history of Yorkshire, but because both the thoughts & the language of the poem are so beautiful, that when the lines run through your brain at unexpected moments, you are filled with sudden pleasure, as at the sound of most sweet music, or the sight of a great picture.

This is how the poem closes: -

" And right across the verdant sod
Toward the very house of God,
Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene & slow,
Soft & silent as a dream,
A solitary Doe!

White she is as a city of gold,
 And beauteous as the silver moon
 When out of sight the clouds are driven,
 And she is left alone in heaven.

And here an eye serenely bright,
 And on she moves, with pace now light!

Our spores to stop her head, & start
 The dewy turf with flowers bestrown;
 And in this way she paces, till at last
 Beside the ridge of a grassy grave

In quietness she lays her down:

Gently as a weary wave
 Links, when the summer breeze hath died

Against an anchor'd vessel's side;

Even so, without distress, doth she

Lie down in peace & lovingly." Wordsworth

The Boy of Gremonard.

A Legend of the Founding of Bolton Abbey

Half a mile above the Abbey, in a space of some
 three hundred yards the Wharfe cuts its way
 through a ravine. The walls, of tumbled, moss-
 grown boulders, rise sheer from the river, vast
 & clean, ~~curiously~~ straight & tall, reach up into
 the light from the river's brink. The banks are
 not thickly wooded here, but every square yard has a
 rich carpet of bracken, harts tongue, & hyacinths. Slender
 stitchwort, tender blue clouds of forget-me-not, patches of
 red campion & yellow pimpernel ^{fall in a valley of} ~~are not~~ ^{rich shades}
 of velvet moss.

The rocks draw together, shutting in the river,
 great masses of the oddest shapes, rounded by the
 wear of the waters when "Wharfed" is in flood. Here, in
 the channel, are nicely carved stalls for the piers—

or, are they the couches of the river nymphs? - and
cypress-like shapes with a comb black fringe
that an undertaker might envy; & 'pet-holes' quite
round, sometimes three or four feet deep.

Cloves crown the rocks, & the river flows between, deep
& still; but a line of light foam in mid-stream
tells of present trouble. By-and-by, so narrow is
the opening that a man may leap across, a fearful
leap, for the waters are deep below; but many try
it; & the great hawks on a neighbouring tree shout
at that risk. "This striding place is called 'The Strid'!"

"What is good for a bootless hen?"

With these dark words begin my tale;
And their meaning is, "There can comfort spring,
When prayer is of no avail."

"What is good for a bootless hen?"

The plover to the lady said;
And she made answer, "Endless sorrow!"
For she knew that her son was dead.

- Young Rosinelly through Barden Wood
Is ranging high and low;
And holds a greyhound in a leash
To let slip upon buck or doe.

And the pair have reached that fearful chasm,
How tempting to bestride!
For lordly Wharfe is there pent in
With rocks on either side.

This striding place is called "The Strid,"
A name such it took of yore;
A thousand years hath it borne that name,
And shall, a thousand more.

He sprang in flee, for what cared he
That the river was strong, & the rocks were steep;
But the greyhound in the leash held back,
And checked

And hither is young Romilly come,
 And what may now forbid
 That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
 Shall bound across "the Strid"?

He sprang in place, - for what cared he
 That the river was strong, & the rocks were steep!
 - But the grey hound in the leash hung back,
 And checked him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharf,
 And strangled by a merciless force;
 And never more was young Romilly seen,
 Till he rose a lifeless corse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,
 And long unspeaking sorrow:
 And Wharf shall be to pitying hearts,
 A name more sad than Garrow.

And the lady prayed in heaviness
 That look'd not for relief!
 But slowly did her succour come
 And a patience to her grief.

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
 And her first words were, "Let there be
 In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,
 A stately priory!"

The stately priory was rear'd
 And Wharf, as he moved along,
 To matins joined a mournful voice.
 Her jail'd at evening.

Wordsworth;

Just above the Strid is a cataract, a slight fall of
 some six or eight feet, where the whole of Wharfe comes,
 tumbling through a narrow opening - an endless spray
 of amber beads. Below the fall, what a hurrying and

and churning, what a heaving & settling! Pines
you see now, & are that the rocky basins are
filled with 'working' yeast, still, blown acids
into corners here & there, as heaps of froth. Above
this tumult, the river flows deep & still in a
narrow channel which it has carved out of
the grinding rock. Presently, the ravine
opens out, ^{the river, the river} a shining blue path, stretches
away into the heart of the woods.

The Shepherd Lord.

Up the valley we follow the river into forest-
depths, & behold, on a brow in the heart of the wood,
a ruined tower grey & broken down amidst
the soft spring verdure, like an old man
amidst the children. Beyond and above stretches
~~the unending hills~~ the long lines of the barren fells.
This is Barden Tower, where the first Shepherd
Lord of Shipston dwelt by choice, though it was
but a poor place compared with the great castles
which he owned elsewhere.
Perhaps it was because he had not been used
to any state that he liked this tower hidden in the
woods. For although he was the heir to great
castles, he had spent his life early days as a
shepherd-boy; had eaten coarse fare, worn
homespun, & dwelt under a shepherd's ^{cotter's} lowly
roof.
Why, you say. For safety; the first twenty years
of his life were spent in hiding. So then was
the search made after him that his own mother
did not dare to bring the child up as the son
of a gentleman. The only way to save his life was
to bring him up as a peasant's boy of whom ^{not} his

His father was John Lord Clifford, the ninth Lord of
 of the Honors of Shipton, the 'Black-faced Baron' who
 earned the title of the Butcher in the battle of Wakefield
 of which we shall have more to say shortly. During
 the Wars of the Roses he fought for the Red Rose of Lancaster,
 supported by Henry VI. & his Queen, Margaret; there
 was "much joy & great rejoicing" amongst the
 adherents of the Red Rose after the Victory of Wakefield.
 But ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{month after} the Battle of Tewkesbury was fought,
 the greatest battle in the long war, in which the
 Yorkists gained a great victory, & the
 house of Lancaster was utterly crushed. Clifford
 himself fell the night before the battle, but his
 widow & three fatherless children, ^{Edward} ~~Edward~~
^{they} ~~they~~ fell the hatred & revenge of the Yorkist king,
 Edward IV.; "So that after the battle of Tewkesbury
 was no hope for them but in flight & concealment."

The lands of the 'Black-faced Baron' were seized
 by the Crown; but Lady Clifford contrived to save
 her two sons by putting them in hiding. The
 second boy, she sent to the Netherlands; the elder,
 a boy of seven, she showed to Lord Clifford in
 his father's room. She carried with her to her
 father's estate of Condeston in Yorkshire.

But the boy would not have been safe had
 he been left to grow up amongst his own people;
 so his mother placed him under the care of
 a shepherd who had married a maid out of her
 mercy. And amongst the shepherd's boys, as
 one of themselves, young Clifford grew up, re-
 ceiving little notice from his mother's people,
 we may be sure, for there were eyes & ears every-
 where. & news of a shepherd boy much noticed
 by his betters would awaken the suspicions of the
 king.

"Now who is he that comes with joy

On Carnock's side, a shepherd boy?
^{as thought he had his own thought that was}
 Can this be he who better said?
 In secret, like a smothered flame?
 On whom such thankful tears were shed
 For shelter, & a poor man's bread!
 God loves the child, & God hath will 't
 That those dear words should be fulfill'd,
 The lady's words when forced away,
 The last she to her babe did say,

'My own, my own, my fellow-sold-
 I may not be; but rest thee, rest-
 For lowly shepherd's life is best!'

And as a shepherd boy upon the Yorkshire moors,
 he grew up until he was fourteen; then a
 rumour reached the Court that a son of the
 Black-faced Clifford ^{was} ~~lived~~ in hiding upon the
 Yorkshire moors. When this report reached his
 mother, she had her boy brought to the village
 of Threlkeld in Cumberland, for she had
 married Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, and, though
 he was a Yorkist, -

"Sir Lancelot gave a safe retreat
 To noble Clifford; from annoy
 Concealed the persecuted boy.
 Well pleased in rustic part to feed
 His flock, sip on shepherd's reed
 Among this multitude of hills,
 Crags, woodland, waterfalls, & rills."

"Our Clifford was a happy youth,
 And thankful through a weary time,
 That brought him up to manhood's prime.
 Again he wanders forth at will,
 And tends a flock from hill to hill:
 His part was humble; never was seen
 Such part with such a noble end;

Among the shepherd poems no more
 Nath he, a child of strength & state;
 Yet back, not friends for solemn flee
 And a cheerful company,
 That learned of him submissive ways,
 And comforted his private days.
 To his side the gallant deer
 Came, & rested without fear;
 The eagle, lord of land & sea,
 stoop'd down to pay him fealty;
 And both the undying fish that swim
 Through Bowseat Larn did wait on him?

At last, after four & twenty years of pleasant life,
 a change of ^{to the little person with shepherd's} came: The battle of Bosworth was
 fought, the Yorkists were finally crushed, & Henry
 of the house of Lancaster, ^{was crowned} ascended the throne.
 as Henry VII. Soon after he married Elizabeth,
 the daughter of Edward IV, of the House of York,
 so that, in the King & Queen,

"Both roses flourish, Red & White
 In love & sisterly delight
 The tules that were at strife are blended
 And all old troubles now are ended?"

And now, many hurried families were
 restored to their possessions, & amongst
 others the Cliffords, was loyal & cheery
 supporters of the house of Lancaster. From his
 retreat amongst the Cumbrian Hills, the
 Shepherd ^{at the age of thirty or} emerged, to become the tenth
 Lord of the Honors of Skipton. His mother lived
 to see his joyful restoration & to be present
 at the great "Feast of Brougham Ball", the story
 of which Wordsworth tells in the "Song" from which
 we have made so many extracts. And there
 was great rejoicing, not only in Brougham ^{Castle} but

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but in all the stately castles of the Cliffs, scattered
over the northern counties.

But the lonely shepherd, now become a great noble, was
in no haste to forget the past:-

"Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods & hills,-

He did he change nor ever forget the wisdom he had
learnt in adversity, & under his kindly rule,-

" "Gild was the vale, & every cottage hearth;
The shepherd lad was honoured more & more:

And, ages after he was laid in earth,

"The good Lord Clifford" was the name he bore."

Isborthworth.

With half a dozen great castles to choose from,
his favourite dwelling place was the solitary tower
of Barden; this may have been because the monks
of Bolton Abbey were within easy reach, & they
were friends more to his mind than the
turbulent barons who were now his peers. In
while a shepherd upon the lonely hills, his
delight had been to watch the stars, & he had
obtained much knowledge of astronomy; & he had
besides, strange notions as to the influence
the stars had upon the fates of men. Therefore the
company of men who cared for such studies
was more pleasant to him than that of the
warlike lords, ~~who were now his peers.~~

But the good Lord Henry did not neglect the
duties of his station. His descendant, the
Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, ^{herself} a most
wise, valiant & noble lady, ~~has~~ describes him
as "a plain man, who lived for the most
part a country life, & came seldom either to
court or London, excepting when called to Parliament
on"